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"The Sweat of the Poor and the Blood of the Brave."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"Gold is, in its last analsis, the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave." Jos. Napoleon.

Waste treasure like water, ye noble and great!
Spend the wealth of the world to increase your estate;
Pile up your temples of marble, and raise
Columns and domes that the people may gaze
And wonder at beauty, so gorgeously shown
By subjects more rich than the king on his throne.
Lavish and squander—for why should ye save
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave?"

Pour wine into goblets, all crusted with gems—
Wear pearls on your collars & pearls on your hems;
Let diamonds in splendid profusion outvie
The myriad stars of a tropical sky!
Though from the night of the fathomless mine
These may be dug at your banquot to shine,
Little care ye for the chains of the slave—
"The sweat of the poor and the blo d of the brave."

Behold at your gates stand the feeble and old,
Let them burn in sunshine and freeze in the cold—
Let them starve: though a morsel, a drop will impart
New vigor and warmth to the limb and the heart:
You taste not their anguish, you feel not their pain,
Your heads are not bare to the wind and the rain—
Must wretches like these of poor charity crave
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave!"

An army goes out in the morn's early light,
Ten thousand gay soldiers equipped for the fight:
An army comes home at the closing of day;
Oh, where are their banners, their goodly array?
Ye widows and orphans, bewail not so loud—
Your groans may embitter the feast of the proud:
To win for *their* store—did the wild battle rave—
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

Gold! Gold! in all ages the curse of mankind,
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind:
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird
And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
To gain thee men barter eternety's crown,
Yield honor, affection and lasting renown,
And mingle like foam with life's swift-rushing wave
"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."

From the Philadelphia Casket.

The Battle of Trenton.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE WITNESS.

"Whose bullet on the night air sung?"
Bride of Abydos.

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an Aid-de-Camp from the Commander-in-Chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. I bowed in reply, and dashed up the road. The General-in-chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out.—He was calm and collected, as if in his cabinet. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat, waited for his commands.

"You are a native of this country?"

"Yes—your Excellency."

"You know the roads from McConkey ferry to Trenton—by the river and Pennington—the bye-roads and all."

"As well as I know my alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.

"Then I may have an occasion for you—you will remain with the staff—ah! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer," he added smiling, as the fiery beast made a demi-volt, that set the group in commotion.

"Your Excellency"—

"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger cut short the sentence. "I see the heads of the columns are in motion—you will remember," and waving his hand, he gave the rein to his steed, while I fell back bewildered into the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march any thing but pleasant. We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with the anticipation of victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the embarkation began.

At last we crossed the Delaware. The whole night had been consumed in the transportation of the men and artillery, and the morning was within an hour or two of dawning before the detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity of the scene. The night was dark, wild, and threatening—the clouds betokened an approaching tempest—and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eye, the fast increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brows to pierce into darknees, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow into my face and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity.—The landscape was wild and gloomy.—A few desolate looking houses only were in sight, and they scarcely perceptible in the shadowy twilight. The bare trees lifted their hoary arms on high, groaning and screaking in the gale. The river was covered with drifting ice, that now jammed with a crash together, and then floated slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can hetter be imagined than described—for the utmost exertions could often just prevent the frail structures from being crushed. Occasionally a stray fife would be heard shooting shrilly over the waters, mingling feebly with the fiercer piping of the winds—and anon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the neighing of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoners beneath me were draging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant the band of the —— regiment struck up an enlivening air, and plunging my rowels into my steed, I whirled around, into the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.

It was now four o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided it. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree—the attack shall take place—General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington; let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach their outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of our troops to come up with the enemy was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatened storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and hail rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks; the wind shrieked, howled, and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicular downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity; and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying around and around, and sweeping away on the whistling tempest far into the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the tortured forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued the march in profound silence, the storm increasing as we drew nearer to the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope high for a successful surprise. Nor were these sufferings light. Through the dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of a freeman could have sustained them. Half clothed—many without shoes, whole companies destitute of blankets, they yet pressed bravely on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am now, the recollection is still vivid in my mind.—God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again!

The dawn at last came, but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The fields we passed were covered with wet and spongy snow and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness few such forbidding scenes. At this instant a shot was heard in front and a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.

"Forward—forward," cried Washington himself, galloping up to the head of the column, "push on, my brave fellows—on."

The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack as their General's voice was seconded by a hasty fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly, with silent eagerness, toward the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the wood the scene burst upon them.

The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemingly buried in repose.—The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen fleeing a moment through the mist—he was soon lost behind a clump of trees—and then re-appeared, dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt he was a messenger from the outposts for a re-inforcement: and if suffered to rally once we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he had left we now therefore turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly and in disorder, before our vanguard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their reeling faculties, and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on, continentals on the —" shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still forbore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By heavens!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of half a mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day's our own."

"Charge the artillery with a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to our right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the very mouth of the cannon, and before the artillerists could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy was seen endeavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter was fiercely maintained. A few minutes of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted our commander-in-chief, galloping to the front, and waving his sword aloft, "charge them before they can form, and follow me."

The effect was electric. Gallant as had been their conduct before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their commander's daring, and, dashing rapidly into the town, carried every thing before them like a hurricane. The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in two minutes were flying pell-mell through the town—while our troops, with admirable discipline, still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were seen floating through the mist ahead—a cheer burst from our men—it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides and that further retreat was impossible, the whole regiment we had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe had surrendered, every unmanly exultation disappeared from the countenances of our brave troops. The fortune of war had turned against their foes; it was not the part of the brave man to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an aid-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly,

"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."

Quick as thought the commander-in chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking around the troop of officers, singled me out.

"Lieutenant Archer—you know the roads. Colonel —— will march his regiment around, and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest rout."

I bowed in acknowledgment to the saddle bow, and perceiving the colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retreating foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross path, which making, as it were, the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off completely the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point where two routs intersected was short but fierce.

We had already advanced half way before we were discovered, and though the enemy pressed with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were fired on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we drew rapidly nearer to the intersection, we were cheered to find ourselves ahead—a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe—and, rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the other road, we summoned the discomfited enemy by surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters as the aid-de-camp of Col. ——, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory of Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia—and we were hailed every where as the saviours of our country. The drooping spirits of the colonists were re-animated by the news; and the enemy, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder toward Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed away since then; but I never shall forget the Battle of Trenton.

The Heiress.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired little girl, used to sit in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite to my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich. Often and often I sat, after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerful from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquility steal over my heart.—Such was Eliza Huntley, when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I was absent from the city. When walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognise her face, but my friend, who was by my side, pulled my elbow, "Do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us, when we lived together in Walnut street?" I did not remember it was herself.

She used to be fond, he said, of treating her little circle of friends with romance—and at last she acted out a neat romance herself. She came out into the gay circle of life, under the auspices of her guardian. It was said by some, she was rich—very rich—but the amount of wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; however the current, and as we generally believe, well founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers—and among the number of a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality made her an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little; but they were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendant, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his presence, but that there was one matter which should be understood, before giving him a reply, she bound him to his promise.

"Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not for the world have you labor under a mistake on that point. I am worth eighteen hundred dollars."

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified. "Eighteen hundred dollars!" he repeated, in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise; "yes ma'am," said he, awkwardly, "I did understand that you were worth a good deal more; but ——"

"No, sir," she replied, "no excuse nor apologies; think about what I have said; you are embarrassed now; answer me another time," and rising, she bade him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went next day to her guardian, to inquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too, came from one who succeeded to a large portion of her esteem, but applying the same crucible to the love he offered, she found a like result. He, too, left her—and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She sometime after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timid diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check his hopes—and in process of time, he, too, made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent: "It is to virtue, worth and beauty," said he, "that I pay my court—not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth more than gold."

She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married, and the union was solmnized; she made him master of herself.

"I am, indeed, worth eighteen hundred dollars," said she to him, "but I never said how much more; and I hope never to enjoy more pleasure than I feel at this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand."

It is actually so—but still her husband often tells her that in her he possesses a far nobler fortune.

BEAUTY.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind, to harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No—those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain!

My Country Cousins.

Aff. Hast thou a cousin?
Ewd. 'Cousin,' say'st thou?
Aff. In truth, a gentle being of thy mother's kin,
Whose bright eyes look sweetly on thine own,
Whose lips in dulcet notes entice thine ear,
And call thee 'cousin!'
Ewd. Sooth to say, I have.
Old Play.

How dear to every one is the name of a cousin. Our earliest visions of love, crowding in upon the memories of after days, remind us of little blue eyed creatures, the companions of our sports and pastimes, who rejoiced when we rejoiced, and wept with us whenever sympathy demanded a tear. Time, which obliterates all else that is past, and buries all other hopes and aspirations, touches with a gentle hand the remembrance of our early loves, and beautifies the very wreck it has made; and the moss-grown tower, standing in its hoary and venerable antiquity in the midst of a pathless desert, is no false illustration of the delightful memories which open the dark vista of the past, and point us to green sunny spots in the waste of life, whose birds and streams and waving fields throw around us the same enchantment which hallowed our earliest delights. We first learn to love our cousins; we lay upon this shrine the holiest offering of hearts, untouched by care, unclouded by sorrow; and we never forget that affection, nor become indifferent to the charms of our cousins, until we become the victims of human frailty, and are won by brighter eyes and sweeter voices than theirs. As the stream will wander from its fountain in search of brighter skies and more flowery banks—as the bird will forget its native haunts and flit away to unknown climes far beyond the horizon; so the affections of the heart, satiated with the enjoyment of long cherished objects, and painting the distance with hues of illusive splendor, too often prove ingrate to the ties which bind them at home, and seek abroad attachment which can never be so dear, so lasting, or so delightful. Thus the boy, bred by the fire-side, accustomed but to the society of his cousins, soon becomes the youth ambitious of display, the beau of the neighborhood, the inamorate of some country belle, and is at last entangled in the silken net which a pair of black eyes, rosy lips, and winning words have thrown aroud his heart. How many apt illustrations are there in this world of ours, of that favorite nursing-fable of the spider and the fly.

Too Thickly Settled.

It is related in the life Col. Daniel Boon, the Kentucky pioneer, that he broke up his plantation and removed further west, as soon as a neighbor came within forty miles of him. This was carrying the principle to an absurd extreme—but there is much philosophy in its application to the affairs of mankind.

Labor is the only wealth, and, consequently, the only source of happiness—for wealth is nothing but the means of gratifying our desires. Of labor, the two most useful and universal kinds are agriculture and mechanics. Agriculture provides for the necessities of the physical frame, and furnishes the means of indulging in the artificial appetites created by the faculty of alimentiveness, which, like all others in the human species, seeks constantly to improve upon itself. Mechanics is the hand maiden of agriculture, and can exist in a healthy state only in those communities where labor is properly apportioned among men, and adapted to the promotion of the general good. How absurd, then, for men to crowd together by thousands into cities, and sweat and swelter through a short and feverish existence—toiling through long, unwonted hours—while the surplus fruits of their labor—we mean all that is over and above the average amount necessary to procure the comforts of life, provided *all* worked—go to swell the coffers of the already rich, or are squandered by the brainless spendthrift.

It is only in cities or thickly settled countries, that the laboring classes ever feel any thing like real misery or want. The laboror of Missouri or Illinois is in no danger of starving—not he! He can scarcely comprehend the distress and misery of the poor wretched slaves of England and the manufacturing districts of France and the United States. A reasonble amount of work secures a healthy competence for his family and himself. The fruitful bosom of Mother Earth, unless drained too frequently, contains ample sustenance for all her children. She is a kind parent, though her children love her not.

There should be but few cities in the world—and these devoted to the purpose of commerce, and of concentrating intellect. They should be emporiums of the fine arts—the drawing-rooms where men of real genius may meet and converse together. We say *real* genius—for from such the world demands no physical labor. It is content to become the purchaser and rewarder of the efforts of their higher genius. In such a state of things, there shall be no place for quackery, because, the ordinary concerns of life—money getting, speculating, and like, would find no place—men's minds being occupied quietly upon their farms or in their shops, while the fevored children of Genius would be left to work out their beautiful dreams and conceptions unfettered by the hand of want and unwithered by the touch of despair—which, year after year, lay myriads of the loftiest and the purest in an unknown grave.—*Pennant.*

Pretty Women.—"Of all other views a man may, in time, grow tired, but in the countenance of woman there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance." The divine right of beauty, says Junius, is the only divine right an Englishman can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.

Children.—Miss Sedgwick beautifully remarks, that "Children are like milestones set along the road, reminding us of the distance we have gone on the journey of life."

The Christian's Home.

The earth never was designed for the Christian's home. It is a field in which he is sent to labor. Here he spends the heat of the day, and he cannot find his home, until the evening comes and his work is ended. If this earth had been destined for the Christian's home, it would have been made a very different place. Would it have been filled with so many snares and miseries? It would have been rendered a peaceful, quiet, holy habitation. But now God has prepared him a better habitation, where nothing shall ever enter to disturb his rest, and where he shall feel himself forever at home. The Christian only sojourns here like a wayfaring man for a night, but heaven is his home, where he has an eternity to spend. Eternity! eternity!! O, the boundless thought!—